

# THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,  
at severall doors.

Poet.

Good day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes  
the World?

Pain. It weares sir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Rarity? What strange,  
Which manifold record not matches: see  
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power  
Hath coniu'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man. breath'd as it were,  
To an vntyreable and continuat goodnesse:  
He passes.

Jew. I have a Jewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vild,  
It flames the glory in that happy Verse,  
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jew. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedic-  
tion to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.  
Our Poetrie is as a Cowne, which vides  
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th Flint  
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame  
Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flies  
Each bound it chafes. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.

Let's see your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, 'tis comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace  
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power  
This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination  
Moues in this Lip, to th' dumbnesse of the gesture,

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:  
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,  
It Turors Nature, Artificiall strife  
Lives in these touches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke mee.

Po. You see this confluence; this great flood of visitors,  
I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge  
With amplest entertainment: My free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe  
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold,  
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet. I will vnboult to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,  
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as  
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe  
Their seruices to Lord Timon: his large Fortune,  
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance  
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer  
To Apemantus, that few things loues better  
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timons nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.

The Base o'th Mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures  
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,  
To propagate their states; among't them all,  
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,  
One do I personate of Lord Timons frame,  
Whom Fortune with her luery hand wafts to her,  
Whose present grace, to present slauage and seruants  
Translates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope  
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With

## Timon of Athens

With one man becken'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount  
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest  
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:

All those which were his Fellowes but of late,  
Some better then his valed; on the moment  
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,  
Raine Sacrificall whisperings in his eare,  
Make Sacred euen his styttop, and through him  
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood  
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants  
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,  
Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,  
That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,  
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,  
To shew Lord Timon, that meane eyes haue scene  
The foot about the head.

Trumpers sound.

Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curteously  
to every Sutor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mef. I my good Lord, sue Talents is his debt,  
His meanes most short, his Creditors most strait:  
Your Honourable Letter he desires  
To those haue shut him vp, which failing,  
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius well:

I am not of that Feather, to shake off  
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him  
A Gentleman, that well deserves a helpe,  
Which he shall haue. He pay the debt, and free him.

Mef. Your Lordship euer binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransome,  
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;  
Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,  
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happinesse to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou hast a Seruant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? Lucilius.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships seruice.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. Timon, this thy Creature,  
By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first haue bene inclin'd to thrift,  
And my estate deferues an Heyre more rais'd,  
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,  
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:  
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngest for a Bride,  
And I haue bred her at my dearest cost  
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her loue: I pry thee (Noble Lord)

Ioyned

My selfe

Tim.

Oldm.

His hon

It must

Tim.

Oldm.

Our ow

What l

Tim.

Luc.

Oldm.

I call th

Mine h

And dif

Tim.

If she b

Oldm.

Tim.

Hach se

To buil

For 'tis

What y

And m

Oldm.

Payne

Tim.

Mine h

Luc.

That st

Which

Poet.

And lo

Tim.

Go not

Pain.

Your i

Tim.

The Pa

For sin

He is b

Euen si

And y

Till yo

Pain.

Tim.

We m

Hath si

Tim.

If I sh

It wou

Tim.

As tho

Things

Are pri

You m

Tim.

Mer.

Which

Tim.

Jew.

Me

Tim.

Gentle